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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

According to Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, president of the P. S. A., the inspiration came from Paris, not London. From the founding of the American society in the spring of 1910, its model was the Paris Salon of Poetry, and its members were unaware that the English society had been founded in 1909.

New poetry societies continue to be founded. The Ohio Valley Poetry Society, with headquarters at Cincinnati, has had an enthusiastic first season, also the San Diego Chapter of the P. S. A.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear POETRY: This is the way some of us felt—

WHEN SPOON RIVER CAME

We never were on any of the maps,
And railroad folders dotted us and left
Our destiny to the particular god
Who watches over one-horse country towns.
And then to find our annals written down
In black and white—in poetry—in a book!
No wonder we felt strange.

Joe Noble bought
The book when he went into Hamlinburg
To buy embalming fluid; for you see
Joe runs, along with his Emporium,
An undertaking parlor.

One blue day
In April I met Reverend Snow close by
The stone bridge at the edge of town. He too
Smelt something in the air . . . He stopped, and then
I knew it wasn't altogether spring
That brought the Baptist minister so far
From Main Street's sidewalks. It was plain to see

Correspondence

The Reverend Snow was wrestling with his soul.
It didn't seem quite decent to draw up
And talk about the weather, so I passed
And wondered.

Well, it wasn't very long
Till everybody had a furtive look.
And Doctor Clark began to take the back
Road into town. And Mr. Templeton,
Our banker, seemed to have a nervous trick
Of laughing and of puckering up his eyes
Whenever we went in to draw some gold.
Miss Curran, when I met her on the way
To school and banged my milk cans, wouldn't smile
That quick-lipped smile of hers—my little joke
Fell flat. . . . She seemed so young and wistful-like;
Something, like smoke—and yet it wasn't smoke—
Came drifting in and shut us from the sun.
I felt it like a fever in my bones.
I wasn't sick, and yet I could have sworn
People looked mottled—sort of yellowish—
And walked as though their eyes weren't very clear.
And then I got it, straight from Reverend Snow!
It came all thumbbed and blurred and underscored.
I read it through three times.

I think I know
Why Reverend Snow went out beyond the bridge
And didn't hear the larks in Miller's Field.
I think I know why Doctor Clark comes home
From country cases by the town's back door.
I think I know why Mr. Templeton
Broke down and had to go to Hamlinburg
To take some sort of treatment for his heart.
I think I understand—at least, almost—
Why poor Miss Curran fainted at her desk.
I think . . . Who is that man who found us out?
We never were on any of the maps!

Leslie Nelson Jennings